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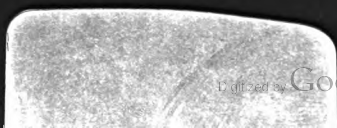
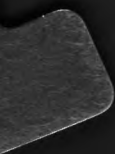
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# CRUMBS OF VERSE





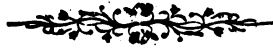




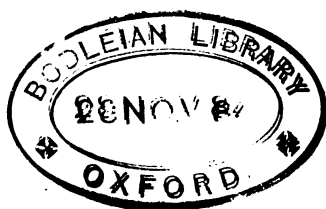
# CRUMBS OF VERSE.

BY

T. UPH.



280. f. 105



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## DEDICATION.

Mother and Sister, each and together,  
Each full of help, and each full of comfort,  
Who always love, and who never hate,  
Whose anger is slight and doth quickly abate,  
    To you are these lines dedicated.

I, to your memory, never can fashion  
Statues in stone to endure many years,  
I can but lay this small tribute before you,  
I can but love you in smiles or in tears.



# CRUMBS OF VERSE.



## GOOD FRIDAY.

There is a garden close beneath the walls  
Of Holy many-towered Jerusalem ;  
Where spreading trees subtend delightful shade,  
Giving relief from Eastern burning sun,  
Where, too, near splashing fountains seats are set,  
Inviting wearied men to sweet repose.  
Here Jesus stands, and round Him are reclined  
Eleven, for one is not now of them.  
'Tis night-time, and the sounds of earth are hushed ;  
The insect droning and the sighing wind  
Alone break through the stillness of the night.  
There is no moon, she is afraid to shine,  
Foreseeing shameful deeds and treachery vile.  
Christ leaves His friends, and wanders on alone,  
Praying for strength against his evil day ;

Praying that from His lips this cup might pass,  
But, "Father, not My will, but Thine be done."

\* \* \* \* \*

Short is His rest, for soon the quiet calm  
Of sleeping Nature and the peaceful night  
Is broken by the sound of hurrying feet,  
By clang of arms, and hum of muttered words ;  
Servants and officers approach the place ;  
Guided by purchased villainy they come  
With lanterns and with staves to take the Lamb.  
He knowing all, resigned to drink the cup,  
Pattern of duty to a Father's will,  
Obedient, meek, forgiving, and all truth,  
Contrast so bright to him who gave the kiss,  
Who soon shall also die—of what ? Remorse ;  
With agony of body and of mind,  
Perpetual torment, misery, and shame,  
A murd'rer self-murdered, wretched suicide.  
How different to Christ, whose mind at peace,  
Fears not earth's shame, nor fears the fatal cross.

\* \* \* \* \*

The mighty God, the everlasting King, the Prince of  
Peace,

Alone, is captured by an armed guard, like murderer  
 or thief,  
 Legions of angels, in attendance, wait His slightest  
 word ;  
 But He, resigned, meekly gives up Himself to these  
 His foes,  
 And, with kind love, with charity, and noble power  
 supreme,  
 Reproves His friend, and, gently touching, heals the  
 servant's ear ;  
 Leaving His latest miracle to show God's great for-  
 giveness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now bound, they lead Him to the venal courts  
 Of Annas and of Caiaphas the priests,  
 Around whom sit in order, rank by rank,  
 Their compeers in the bloody tragedy,  
 Whose dark and gloomy brows reveal the hate  
 That harbours in their base and guilty hearts,  
 Burning with anger, malice, jealousy.  
 Here mercy is unknown ; these men rejoice  
 That they have power to injure Him they hate,  
 To beat down purity, to crush the truth.  
 Then with false witness is the Christ accused,

And by false judges is He here condemned.  
 And hence, is sent to Pilate's judgment hall,  
 That legally the murder may be done ;  
 But here, the guards refuse to enter in  
 Lest they should be defiled by contact foul ;  
 For the great feast, the Passover, is nigh,  
 When dies the Lamb, the sacrifice for all,  
 And murd'ers must not stain their guilty hands,  
 By the least breach of sacerdotal law.  
 The Roman Governor finds no fault in Him ;  
 The populace with clamour 'gainst Him cry ;  
 And Pilate to appease them scourges Him,  
 And mocks Him with the name and robe of King ;  
 Yet wond'ring at this gentle-speaking Man,  
 At His few words laden with deep import,  
 At the high title of "The Son of God,"  
 At the strange dream his wife hath told him of,  
 Pilate again essays to let Him go.  
 But now the rabble urge the hateful deed  
 With tenfold vehemence. The priests inflame  
 Religious zeal with lies and baneful arts.  
 Some long to see the suff'rings of the man ;  
 Some bribed with gold do loudly call for death,  
 Equal in guilt with those who planned the crime.

With wild tumultuous shout they rend the air,

“Crucify Him !” is their cry,

“Crucify Him ! let Him die.”

The mass infuriate surges to and fro ;

With gestures fierce, hoarse voice, and hideous cries,

They call for sentence on the Son of God.

But still in vain ; until with subtle art

They urge the Roman that for Cæsar’s sake

The innocent must die. The Governor fears ;

Pilate assents ; and sends the Christ to death ;

Washing his hands, to show that he is clean.

While the fierce crowd demand that this pure blood

On them and on their children shall remain.

Then lead they Him away with hateful joy,

’Midst curses deep, and scoffs, and faces marred

With that vile lust for pain that haunts mankind,

Most seen in the most low.

The cross upreared,

With hands and feet fast nailed, fingers that gripe,

And quivering pain-racked limbs, swelling and strained,

With ever-throbbing pulses, trembling feet,

And muscles drawn with fearful agony,

A mark of scorn to all the passers by,

Jesus Emmanuel, Prince of Glory, hangs.



Now pain attempts to overthrow the mind  
 And reign alone, usurping her high throne,  
 Yet fails, for still, in agony, Christ thinks,  
 And prays forgiveness on His enemies,  
 "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."  
 What noble thoughts His latest hours engage!  
 What noble model for a Christian life  
 Is here displayed! and what vast difference shows  
 'Twixt Christ who dies, and those who rail on Him!  
 Men dying, oft most clearly do display  
 Their ruling force in all its fullest light;  
 So Christ in torture, hanging on the cross,  
 Shows love unbounded, mercy infinite.

The people gaze, reviling, wag their heads;  
 The guilty thief, with burdened conscience sad,  
 Hanging beside the Saviour of the world,  
 Repents, and recognizes him *The God*.  
 The Saviour grants forgiveness; and with word  
 Of pardon cheers the man, and teaches men;  
 There is no sin can cause a total death,  
 If penitence and faith imbue the heart.

Now ere the Saviour, fainting, sinks to death,  
 Some earthly cares demand his thoughtful aid:  
 His drooping mother mourns her cherished Son,

That Son whom she has wondered at, yet loved,  
 As mothers only love ; He thinks of her ;  
 The whirling brain and pain-convulsèd limbs  
 Distract Him not ; with tenderness most true,  
 He gives His best belovèd friend to her,  
 Makes her his mother, and makes him her son.  
 The thirst and pain, more fierce than flesh can bear,  
 Wrings from Him then the wild and tortured cry,  
 " Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani ? "

" My God, my God, hast thou forsaken me ? "  
 The mind regains its influence once again,  
 Regains its trust in God, and sees the end,  
 And one more utt'rance closed the fearful day,  
 " It is finished. "

Pale death is here, the spirit leaves the flesh,  
 The Father's work is finished, all is done.  
 Christ recognizes in these latest words  
 The ending of His mission on the earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, o'er the land, thick darkness spreads its veil,  
 The rocks are rent, and the firm earth doth quake,  
 For Nature chronicles the death of Christ.  
 The Roman leader, though inured to death,  
 Gazes in fear, acknowledging the Lord.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Heaven the Lamb ascended, now is throned,  
And intercedes for all who call on Him,  
Immortal, omnipotent, eternal God,  
One with the Father and the Holy Ghost,  
Full of sweet mercy and far-reaching love.



## EASTER DAY.

The fight is o'er, the conquest won,  
Christ's life, with glory, like the sun  
Rises through darkness—all is done ;

He comes to reign.

The tomb's great stone is rolled away,  
Sad night and death dispelled by day ;  
Soul parted from its form of clay

Lives once again.

'Mid silver clouds, one towering head  
Rises, from mighty bases spread  
On endless vastness for their bed—

Here sits He crowned.

Now harper's music, silver toned,  
Resounds, and powers golden zoned,  
In many circles sapphire throned,

Are ranged around.

Angels unnumbered at His feet  
Rise and descend, and pass to greet  
Man, whom Christ calls by love most sweet,

O'er land and flood.

**"Come!" cry they, "come ! for in His sight  
All nations have an equal right  
To endless bliss, their sins washed white  
By His pure blood."**



## WHIT-SUNDAY.

When the sweet Spirit fell on men,  
 Filling their hearts and minds with love,  
 Then spake they in all tongues, and then  
 Drew wisdom from the founts above.

For in this Spirit are combined  
 All things that are with beauty crowned,  
 And many a glory here is twined.  
 Which men on earth have never found.

Here Virtue all unstained is seen ;  
 Pure Truth, the wonder of the world,  
 Doth here appear with light serene ;  
 And here the infinite is curled.

Here Majesty supremely shines,  
 Here Love's embracing arms are spread,  
 Here Goodness knits the whole, and binds  
 The rarest beauty o'er the head:

Here Power bounded by no bound,  
 And Wisdom with all-seeing eye ;  
 Here is all loveliness of sound,  
 Here springeth Life, here Death doth die.

B

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

Dawn of new wisdom ! Origin of light !  
First break of glory in the cloudy sky !  
First glimpse into a vast eternity !  
The borderland of change from old to new ;  
The opening of the glorious song of love ;  
Birthday of Him who sent the heavenly Dove.  
New springs the fount which ever flows to prayer ;  
And now is born the Guide to heaven's steep stair.  
Laid in a manger, wrapped in swaddling clothes,  
The Everlasting Prince, the Lord of lords,  
The Son of Righteousness, the King, is housed ;  
Born of a low estate, no earthly king,  
But ill received, and scorned, and last condemned ;  
Thus comes the Christ to rule the earth with love.

## ON PSALM XCI.

## CHORUS.

“Who dwelleth in the secret place of God,  
 Abiding in the shadow of the Lord,  
 By God’s most strong defence environed round,  
 He dwelleth safe.”

## MAN.

“I, to the Lord, the mighty God, will say,  
 Thou art my refuge, fortress, hope, and stay,  
 For an unending and eternal day,  
 Though Satan chafe.”

## ANGEL.

“Thou in his snare shall never fall,  
 No pestilence shall thee appal  
 With noisome breath.  
 “But, covered by God’s mighty wings,  
 Thou shalt be safe, though the earth rings  
 With shrieks of death.  
 “His truth shall like a bossy shield  
 Protect, while faithfulness shall yield  
 A refuge sure.



"No arrow flying in the light,  
Nor fearful terror of the night,  
Shall hurt thee, pure.

"Nor pestilence, whose footsteps lurk  
In gloomy darkness, there to work  
Its hateful end.

"Nor sickness that in noonday clear  
Stretches its hand out far and near,  
O'er foe and friend.

"A thousand by thy side shall fall,  
And on thy right the great and small  
Shall equal ruin find.

"But thou shalt march unhurt along,  
See with thine eyes the fruits of wrong  
In the ungodly mind ;

"Yet shall no evil touch thy ground,  
Or harm thy dwelling, battled round  
With truth's pure rays.

"In angel hands thou shalt be borne  
Through gloomy night and waking morn,  
In all thy ways.

"In safety thou shalt walk alone,  
Nor dash thy foot against a stone ;  
But on the adder's sting,

“On lion’s whelp, or dragon’s head,  
Fearless, with firm and steady tread,  
Thy heaven-shod feet shall ring.”

GOD.

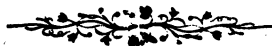
“For thou hast set thy love on me,  
Therefore will I deliver thee,  
And lift thee up on high.  
When in thy trouble thou shalt call,  
I will be there, thou shalt not fall,  
Thine enemies shall fly.”  
“To power great I thee will bring,  
And men shall of thy glory sing ;  
For I will honour thee.  
With ample days thou shalt be bless’d,  
And when thou goest to thy rest,  
Thou shalt salvation see.”



## THE PRAYER.

O God, who hath so oft befriended us,  
Bear with our folly, and correct our vice,  
Lead us to noble thoughts and love of Thee,  
That passing through this world as in a race,  
With all our energies and mind braced up  
To win the goal, and gain eternity,  
We, Thee may follow to the rest of death.  
And if they early die whom we best love,  
Call us, oh God, to follow in their steps ;  
“ Yet not my will, but Thine, be done,” oh Lord !  
If Thou hast us ordained to help mankind,  
Grant us great strength, support us in the way,  
Give us pure wisdom that our work may shine,  
Reflecting Thy pure light, and let us seek  
In all we do, Thy work ; for sure we know  
That we are ignorant and common men,  
Weak in the storm, and languid in the calm,  
And wisdom need we for our guiding hand.  
Let not presumption then itself intrude  
Into our minds, but tear away from thence

All weakness, sin, and vain delusive dreams,  
So that within our hearts there ne'er be found  
One black and tainted spot, uncleansed by Thee.  
But like great Nature's face make us to shine,  
Grand in the storm, and lovely in the calm,  
By Thee enlightened.



## PRAYER.

Eternal God !  
Ruler of Earth most fair,  
Grant us this prayer,  
That we may be  
Thine in Eternity.

And, Lord, defend us and the loved ones here  
From sickness, so that treacherous fear  
May not come near.

Thou who dost answer all men when they cry,  
Believing, and who wills not one to die ;  
And who so oft to tearful prayer  
Hath given gladness, and relieved our care,  
Grant us in health of mind and frame to be,  
And each with each to live in charity.

## GOD.

His face is in the clouds when golden suns  
 Pour forth their glorious majesty around,  
 His footsteps cross the mighty ocean deep,  
 He rides upon the ever-flying wind,  
 And animates all nature with His touch,  
 Diffusing over everything that is,  
 Beauty, and wondrous, finely-fitted force.  
 His presence is at all times everywhere ;  
 And though he moves unseen to mortal eye,  
 Yet in all minds He lives, by all is known,  
 And none have ever breathed who knew no God.  
 His laws remain unchangeable and fixed,  
 Born with the light, they are, and they endure,  
 And sooner could Eternity itself,  
 Destroy itself and come to utter end  
 Than they could alter, fail, or fade away.

\* \* \* \* \*

This God, this Being so supremely great,  
 Is mindful of my poor and humble state.  
 He is my rock, He standeth a firm base,  
 On which to build my hopes ; I'll set my face

Towards Him, He is my strength, my massy fort,  
My succour, and in storm my safety port.  
With adamantine walls and mighty shield  
He covers me, and makes my foes to yield.  
His love surrounds me like the circling line  
Of far horizon, in itself the sign  
Of vast eternity ; while o'er my head  
The rainbow, mark of hope and trust, is spread.  
And when with sore temptation I am pressed  
He succours me, when weary gives me rest ;  
Or when my mind with troublous cares is rife,  
He gives sweet thought, the food of endless life.  
When rolling on the sea in hollow bark  
Where foaming waves alone make light the dark,  
Or when the wind, loaded with briny spray,  
Obscures all distance, and makes night of day,  
Then is He near ; in my distress I cry  
To Him, all-powerful and ever nigh,  
Who, though the Ruler of this mighty world,  
Sees all, a sparrow fall, or ruin hurled  
On thousands in a moment, when the earth  
Opens her jaws, or withers with sad dearth.  
His mercy is unbounded, like the sky,  
From zenith to horizon, broad and high.

His ears are open to the poor, and they  
That seek Him early, and that truly pray,  
He will regard, and succour in their need,  
And like a shepherd to sweet pastures lead.  
He shakes the earth, and heaven's wide arc resounds  
Both far and near, yea, to the utmost bounds,  
When breaking through the darkness, He the Light  
Rides on the winds, and like a meteor bright  
Passes through space. The many worlds, unknown  
To us or dimly guessed at, move alone  
By the great hand of God.





## GOD AS THE AIR.

Immortal God, ruler of all that is,  
 Whose presence here is as the air we breathe,  
 Who as the air pervadeth every place,  
 Whither Thou goest, still to us unknown,  
 Or whence Thou camest. That Thou art, we know,  
 By Thee we live, and whatsoe'er we do,  
 Thy presence still is with us, yea, till death,  
 When, parted from this mortal world, we rise  
 To know Thee, as Thou art, eternal God.

Invisible as air, and everywhere  
 Is God ; without His breath we sink and die ;  
 And when in death we leave this human frame,  
 Passing away unseen, are we not air ?  
 Are we not part of God ?—Spirit and life,  
 Are *they* not air, impalpable, not seen,  
 Not understood, yet all-pervading air,  
 Searching the inmost corners of all things,  
 And living in the life of living men,  
 A subtle essence present everywhere ?  
 Is this the reading of the riddle then ?  
 Do we not die, but live again, and breathe

In those we love on earth, giving them life,  
Part essence of the God who made us men,  
And part of men, who live thus part of God,  
Part of the universe, its very life ?  
Yet not alone in man do souls thus live,  
This air, these souls, on one hand rush and turn  
With whirling worlds, and on the other rest  
In hollow caverns undisturbed for years.  
Yet, whether carried round by crashing spheres,  
Or resting without movement, without change,  
Air does its part, making all things to live,  
And like to God, in every place is found.  
In the beginning, e'en in nature's birth,  
God breathed upon the first created germ,  
And gave it air and life, part of Himself.  
The glorious sun by air is daily fed,  
And light and heat to nourish us descend  
To this our earth, borne on their chariot air  
Through over ninety million miles of space.  
All is imbued with air ; without it dies  
The earth, and this fair, beauteous world of ours  
Falls to a vast unthinkable Unknown,  
A breathless mass of frozen awfulness,  
A chaos, where no God or life appears.

Upon this spirit air the clouds do float,  
Whereon the sunset paints its lovely hues,  
As on a canvas, while the air itself,  
Acting the artist to the universe,  
Softens all discords in its ample space,  
And fills with smooth, harmonious-tinted tones  
All parts uncovered by the curtain clouds  
In the vast canopy that domes the earth.—  
As is the air, so God is, everywhere ;  
If to the utmost boundary of the earth,  
Borne on imagination's endless flight,  
We wander forth, seeking a realm of change,  
We find Him there, nor lose we ever air.  
If like a dove, with lovely wings unfurled,  
Or keen-eyed eagle, flying to the sun,  
We seek some spot beyond the sphere of earth ;  
Or to the darkness of the night we go,  
To find a cloak to hide us ; if we take  
A downward journey through the mighty deep,  
And search its slimy bottom, see its life,  
Its largest, and its smallest seek to know,  
What curious creatures in its realms do lurk,  
How some, accustomed to its awful depths,  
Die at the surface, while the others, used

To the bright daylight, and the shallow sea,  
Dare not descend ; or if from this we pass,  
And lighted by fair science, we explore  
The mysteries embosomed in the earth,  
And in its bowels grope, still God is there ;  
And likewise do we find this spirit air.—  
Therefore is air a semblance of our God,  
And therefore do we see how He combines  
In all our actions, all our life, and force,  
In all surroundings from the lowest depth,  
To the far distance of the farthest star,  
That shines, a twinkle in the endless space.  
He is the essence that in all things is,  
That which hath been from ever, and shall be  
To all eternity, nor lapse, nor fail,  
The Mighty Lord, the Everlasting King.



## ON ——— PROPOSED MARRIAGE.

Thou God, Who by Thy everlasting laws  
 In wisdom hath ordained that man shall love,  
 And shall by wedding bind the bonds of love,  
 Soft, silken, strong supports to honest truth,  
 But sharp, spiked iron fetters to the false ;  
 And Thou, who now hath granted unto ———  
 To love and to be loved, and filled his eyes  
 With that all-beautifying power which sees  
 Perfection only in the one form loved ;  
 Grant that this union may be blessed of Thee,  
 And show these twain through all their after lives  
 The beauty each possesses, that thus, they  
 May clearly see the fair proportions shown,  
 The gems, the values in each other's worth  
 Undimmed by shade of jealousy or care,  
 But brightened by the ever-beaming light  
 Of trust. Then may they learn what study shows,  
 That that which seems oft hurtful is oft good,  
 And thus through better knowledge each of each,  
 They may perceive rare beauties growing here  
 Which to the common eye were but a blank,

And virtues thus appear where erst seemed faults.  
When thus they learn to see and read great truths  
In things neglected by the passing world,  
They shall attain to greater truths again,  
And learning something from all change of moods,  
They shall explore a wide and wider field,  
And live unhurt by trouble, saved from care,  
Till reaching onward to the goal which lies  
Beyond life's dark and veiled boundary line,  
To some a gulf to shudder at and fear,  
To them but rest, its shadow and its gloom  
Telling them brightness lies beyond, which casts  
A dark and startling but thin shadow here,  
A nothingness which frightens not the wise ;  
They shall descend into Death's chilly realm  
With perfect trustfulness in Thee their guide,  
And thus complete a life of fairest mould,  
Honoured by all, respected, and beloved.



## REST.

Oh God, Thou great reposer of the mind,  
The only rest when all the world is kind,  
How art Thou dear  
When sin or grief are near,  
Or pain, or fear.  
If we can turn to Thee,  
We rest in any sea  
Of trouble, where no other rest there be.

## LIFE.

Our life is like a running stream,  
Which flows unchecked by time or weather,  
But yet these two around it seam  
Great marks, and form its course together ;  
Here it is rapid, while anon  
Through tangled reeds it creeps along ;  
In yonder gorge pent up it boils,  
And in the sea it ends its toils.

Once, on board ship, a fancy seized me,  
To wonder at the endless strife  
Of living ; and the sunset pleased me  
As painting here the plan of life ;

For on one hand the sky was red,  
As flushed in glory rich and bright,  
But on the other warmth had fled,  
And dark clouds took the place of light.

This seemed most typical of men :  
To some a rosy life belongs,  
To others grey, with now and then  
The darkened forms of bitter wrongs.



"Life," I said, "is full of folly,  
A mingling of great hopes and fears,  
Grounded on sad melancholy,  
On laughing joys and bitter tears.

"Where then shall we fix our pleasure,  
On all the common joys of men,  
Turn our energy to leisure,  
Or seek for worlds beyond our ken?"

Thus, musing on our hidden ways,  
I turned to where the engine worked,  
And thinking of my wasted days  
I fancied here an answer lurked ;

For here the piston-rods were moved  
With ceaseless working to and fro ;  
(I did not need it to be proved  
That we advanced with every blow) ;

But as they quickly rose and fell,  
They seemed to waste their strength in naught,  
Although they did the ship propel  
And 'twas by them the work was wrought.

And so I thought, "Is every being  
With restless movement, piston-like,  
Doing his work, scarce known, not seeing  
That he adds grains which build the dyke?"

And thus, although we restless fret  
For better work, and long to move  
In something permanently set,  
Some spreading path, some widening groove ;

And still, although we useless seem,  
For ever working to and fro,  
Yet we have use more than we deem,  
And power greater than we show.

We are the rods that work the wheels  
Hidden from sight ; One only lives  
To whom we are as clay that yields,  
And takes the form He wills, and gives.

## RELIGION.

Religion ! Spirit of angelic form,  
Full of inspiring heat ; for ever warm ;  
Yet but a symbol of the great unknown,  
A formula in varied terms oft shown,  
Whose published end was ever still the same,  
Though minist'ring to virtue, pride, or shame.  
Expounder Thou of mysteries sublime,  
With power spread to every land and clime,  
Who at Creation's earliest hour wast born  
In the first human heart, which at the dawn  
Of man's first thinking day grew to the thought  
Of One whom everything around him taught ;  
Over inferior nature he bore rule,  
Yet felt that he himself was but the tool  
Of some One greater, whose majestic sway  
Directs the varied changes of the day.  
This early thought expanded from above,  
Grew, strengthened here by fear, and here by love,  
Till changing, like all human things, it bare  
A monstrous progeny that filled the air  
With cries of slaughtered victims ; and foul rites

Were practised now on temple-crownèd heights.  
Yet oft the purger came, and with fierce hand  
Destroyed deception, and redeemed the land ;  
Armed with the power of truth, alone he led  
Men who though hating, feared, and bowed the head ;  
Again then pure religion took her place,  
Became again the guide of man's weak race,  
His comfort in distress, in doubt his rest,  
In death imparting courage to his breast.



**GLOOMY DAYS.**

In gloomy days when death is nigh,  
When drifting clouds make dark the sky,  
Man's only comfort is to cry  
To Him who sits enthroned on high,  
The God.

Yet surely 'twere presumption bold  
To thus address the God of old,  
The Father of eternity ;  
How can we in our weakness dare  
To raise our voices e'en in prayer,  
And call on Him to soothe our care ?

'Tis thus, though He is God of all,  
Yet doth He know the sparrow's fall ;  
Yet doth He hear his children call,  
For He is Father too, to all.

## HONOUR.

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,  
A noble mind's distinguishing perfection,  
An aid and stay to virtue, where it meets her,  
It imitates her actions where she is not.  
Sport not with honour.

## MELANCHOLY.

A heavy pain was gnawing at my heart,  
Born of fierce restlessness of little woes,  
I almost longed that I might die, and lay  
A dead, cold body in the silent grave,  
For worms to feed on, and for men to pass  
As one that was ; but now can do no ill.  
All kinds of life seemed overweighed with care,  
Nor did the palace, nor the hut, nor yet  
The mountain air, nor sweet, secluded vale,  
Nor English home, for comfort most renowned,  
Nor foreign travel, nor the shining sea,  
Delight my soul, worn with its petty cares ;  
I searched to find the source of all this ill,  
This springing evil, troubling me with care ;  
This demon, haunting me with restlessness ;  
This leaden weight of weariness, that hung  
About me like a yellow bank of fog,  
Obscuring all the pleasant ways of life,  
And cramping all my action, and the joy  
Of freedom, and all gaiety of heart ;  
And leaving me instead, a want of work,

A laziness of temper, from which sprung  
Horrors scarce seen, yet looming huge and dark,  
And cursing me with fearful shapes of gloom ;  
I gazed around for some assisting shape  
To ease my melancholy, and kill my care,  
But nothing could I find ; until by chance  
My wandering eye lit on a gilt-bound book,  
I opened it at hazard, and I read  
How in the Lord my trust is firmly fixed,  
He is my strength and shield against all ills.  
Enough ! the spell is broken, back has fled  
The evil spirit gnawing at my soul ;  
I am again most free, with God the Lord  
For father, and for prophet, and for guide ;  
No ill can harm me, and no hurt can wound,  
If I am true to Him, and to myself.





## EPITAPH ON L——

Here 'mongst the dead is one whose memory lives  
 With us, nor dies, but always pleasure gives.  
 Her earthly form, cold, in the grave doth lie,  
 Her heavenly soul hath joined above the sky  
 That choir of angels, whose celestial song  
 We hear, but not with ears, when in the throng  
 Of business, 'midst the cares of earthly strife,  
 We turn to heaven, and see their holy life  
 Filled with pure harmony and clothed with light,  
 Serene and fair, sweet, gentle, pure, and bright.

\* \* \* \*

L—— so slight, so delicate, so fair,  
 Lovely and fragile as the maidenhair,  
 Faded in winter, and in summer died ;  
 She slowly passed to death, as on ebb tide,  
 The water-weeds fall gently to the ground,  
 Till raised again by Nature's ceaseless round,  
 By God's unchanged and ever-fixed decree  
 They fall, but rise with the returning sea ;  
 So having crossed death's sad and awful shade,  
 She did arise, in glorious robes arrayed,

Girt with pure radiance, and clothed with light,  
 In that fair land where is no death, no night,  
 From whence she watches us, although unknown,  
 And guides our actions from that heavenly zone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those the gods love they take in early youth ;  
 Of this sad proverb we now feel the truth,  
 When she, our loved one, she, our hope, our stay,  
 By death's rough hand is rudely snatched away.  
 Why was this beauty made? Only to die ?  
 Only to mock us? is our broken cry.  
 Behold the flowers, the lilies, how they fade !  
 Yet God sees all ; thus for his ends He made  
 Some weak, some strong, some long, and some short-  
     lived ;  
 To some gave friends, of all He some deprived.  
 Hence for some good was our dear beauty born,  
 And for some good her early death we mourn.

## THE DEATH OF ÆDIPUS.

'Twas not the whirlwind, nor the thunderbolt,  
Nor all-obedient powers, nor mighty force,  
That slew him, but the word of God, which is  
Eternal law, the still, small, gentle voice,  
The quiet working out of fixed end,  
Wrought by God's angels, who His bidding do,  
Unseen, unknown of men, unchangeable  
In all their work ; and thus he passed from earth,  
Borne whence no man can tell, though all will know  
When, having slept the sleep of death, they wake.

## THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

On his last day, with sorrowing friends around,  
In prison, doomed to die, sits Socrates,  
Calmly surveying death with unmoved mind.  
Not urged to hastiness by passing time,  
But patiently conducting to its close  
The argument of this, man's greatest doubt—  
The soul's near future and immortal state.  
Convinced himself of his undying soul,  
He goes unto the Gods ; for is not soul  
Purer and better than the coarser form,  
The body, which is but an earthly cloak,  
That with its grosser servitude doth drag  
The nobler essence down? 'Twere strange indeed  
If they who study here to live to die  
Should yet repine at death !—Since then the soul  
Is purer than the body, the soul's life  
Is purer than the world's. And wise men live  
To separate the body from the soul,  
Which in the end is death ; death, the release  
Of the pure soul from these its earthly bonds,  
Nor fear we that the soul will disappear ;

Search the dissoluble of all things known,  
 Is it the simple or the compound form ?  
 The changing or unchanging ? The unseen  
 Or visible ?—Doth soul or body serve ?  
 Surely the soul doth represent indeed  
 The likeness of divinity itself ;  
 Immortal, intellectual, and pure,  
 Indissoluble, unchangeable, divine.  
 Hence never can she perish, but depart  
 To realms of bliss, where error doth not dwell.  
 But the polluted soul who loves this earth,  
 Its lusts and passions, pleasures, wishes, hopes,  
 Who hates and fears the intellectual truth,  
 Will she depart as pure ? Hence wisdom shuns  
 The fleshly lusts, for these debase the soul,  
 And hence the soul, imperishable made,  
 Resides eternally in other states,  
 According to the form it took in life,  
 The perfect with the perfect, but the base  
 With baseness, pain, and misery accursed.  
 For death is not the end, nor is by death  
 The evil from the wicked lifted off ;  
 But *only* to the other world man bears  
 The good or evil which was here his choice.

Thus, the wise man rejoices in his death,  
 As but a journey to a summer land,  
 With an attendant angel waiting him  
 To guide him through the dangers of the way ;  
 While evil men, whose happiness was here,  
 Dread their removal to another world,  
 Where, friendless, they must wander to and fro,  
 Perplexed in shame and misery and pain.—  
 With this eternal wisdom in his mind,  
 And satisfied to die, great Socrates  
 Awaits the unjust sentence of his foes,  
 Seeing the dawning of eternal life,  
 Wherein he views a realm of living truth,  
 And waits the veil removed, the dark made clear.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then at the last he gently chides his friend  
 As to his burial. “ Me you cannot catch ;  
 No burial is for me, for now I go ;  
 My body you may treat with decent rites,  
 As you think fit, and surety take again  
 That I am gone, as once that I remained.”  
 Now as the setting sun sinks slowly down,  
 Casting its gift of glory on the scene,  
 He bids them bring the cup, nor will he stay

D

The latest moment that the law allows,  
Sparing by little time a life now spent.  
Moved to deep sorrow, e'en his jailor weeps,  
Reluctant to perform his hateful task.  
Thus full of peace this great man leaves his friends,  
And by the crowning glory of his death,  
Rounds off and finishes a life on earth  
Which sheds a halo on the race of man.



## THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

I watched the daylight breaking o'er the earth—  
 Another day is born, a quiet birth—  
 Nature in beauty opens to our eyes,  
 And snow-clad earth contrasts with golden skies.

From yonder cottage wreaths the smoke :  
 Another birth to me it cries,  
 Another birth before my eyes,  
 Which tells how man is born and dies ;

Small in beginning, rapidly it spreads,  
 Wreath after wreath ;  
 Till, weakened by its widening size,  
 It disappears to mortal eyes,  
 And all is gone that once was smoke.

But there remains an essence in the air—  
 This is the soul ; our bodies disappear,  
 But our eternal-living souls remain  
 In other scenes and forms to live again.

D 2



## A GLIMPSE INTO ANOTHER WORLD.

Where is peace, and where contentment, where is  
gentleness and rest ?

Here, where is a mother lying with her first-born at  
her breast.

See the child, the germ of power, symbol of the man  
to come,

Great creation's highest product, innocently resting,  
dumb ;

Who shall say what thoughts may flutter in that  
brain so lately born ;

Who shall see the changes coming in the evening of  
this dawn ;

Now the infant lies in slumber, free from pain and  
free from fear,

Picture of divine protection, picture to the mother  
dear.

See the mother sweetly smiling, spread with beaming  
joy and rest,

Past the anguish, past the suffering, now through  
trouble she is blest.

Never in the halcyon days of her wedded life was seen

Such serenity of pleasure, such a peaceful, happy mien.  
Who would understand contentment, heaven's happiness and rest ?

See it here, and learn the sweetness of the pleasures  
of the blest.



## FALLEN.

Ah me, I've fallen ! I have sinned, ah me !

And in my weakness done a deed of shame.

My sin now breeds and grows apace, I see,

And with it ruin comes, and off flies fame.

Now grievous troubles seem of little weight,

Beside this evil both of flesh and soul

And all my former ills a happy state

Compared with this which far outweighs the whole.

Where now is comfort ? where is any rest

For me in anguish and in deadly pain ?

Death's darkened face approaches ; curst, not blest

Am I, for sin shuts out the hope of gain.

And all the light that else for me had shone,

And all the hope of something better yet,

All, all for me is lost, for me is gone,

My die is cast, the seal is almost set.

Awake ! in all this gloom I see a light,

And glorious visions open to my view

Of One in whose pure presence all is bright,

And whate'er He does or says is true.

## THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

That I am born for some good end I know,  
But what it is I cannot now divine ;  
The world is set before me as a sea,  
And nowhere can I find a firm foothold ;  
Many a scheme and theory through my mind  
Flutters and falls, but still I onward toil,  
With pleasure in my heart, and happiness,  
Knowing that He whose work I am to do,  
Will in His season, by His sun and rain,  
Ripen the fruit ; and thus I leave my life,  
Contented, in the hands that gave it me.  
Our hopes and fears, what are they? they are  
naught ;  
To Him I leave them who doth guide me on,  
For He directs my course, infallible.

## WOMAN.

Kind woman ! Man's chief solace thou,  
Made fair, with care-unruffled brow,  
Created beautiful, and bright,  
To teach men goodness, love and light ;  
Where is thy path ? Where is thy way ?  
In winter's storm or summer's day ?  
In both, in every time and age,  
On every platform, every stage,  
Wherever truth and love abound,  
Wherever purity is found,  
There is thy place, there thou art queen,  
To influence in ways scarce seen,  
To soften, smooth, and nigh disperse  
The hardships of man's labour-curse.  
Thy noble influence ever kind,  
Cheers man's rough heart, and points his mind  
To that which is of all the best,  
That which on earth alone is rest,  
Sweet kindness, gentleness, and truth,  
A noble life, an honest roof.

## MAN.

As the Creator formed the hills, and ranged  
This mass on that, and as old time has changed  
Their outward forms, so they remain and stand ;  
No power have they; movement, mind, or hand ;  
Man is not so, to him was granted power  
To change his spirit's form from hour to hour.  
He is a seal engraver; every day  
He chips and chips, and ever cuts away  
Some portion of the seal that he must make ;  
And forms the shape that he himself will take.  
Thus labouring on (often unmindful), he  
Shapes with his work his own long destiny.  
This seal once stamped, his emblem will remain  
Until the judgment shows his loss or gain ;  
E'en in his life his face oft clearly shows,  
Whether he cuts with wisdom or rough blows.

## THE MURDERER.

Again that thought !—I could not be so vile !—  
 'Twas yesterday it passed across my brain ;  
 Then it was new, and now 'tis scarcely born,  
 Yet it retains a hold upon my mind ;  
 I cannot tell the cause, nor drive it off ;  
 It is a vip'rous and a treach'rous thing  
 'Gainst my nature. God protect me from it.—  
 Why do I fear ? For I am surely strong !  
 Oh, silly fear that creeps about the mind,  
 I laugh at thee, and it ; for I am strong !

\* \* \* \* \*

My God ! The deed is done ! I know not how.  
 Foolhardily I went and played with danger ;  
 Then with resistless, overpowering force  
 I drave along the road ; I knew it wrong !  
 Till all at once the passion burst its bounds,  
 Swept like a torrent, carried all away,  
 Philosophy, religion, pity, all,  
 Whatever claims, or has a name for worth.—

Remorseless, cruel, vile, and cursed hand,  
 That did this deed, this horrid, hateful deed !  
 What shall I do ? shall I cut off this hand ?  
 I have no courage for so small an act,  
 Who played so fierce, so terrible a part.—

The little cry ! the tingling of my blood !  
 The quiver of the limbs ! The mind so fixed !  
 And then ! ——— the fearful, hot, resistless rush  
 Of human blood, one shudder, all is still ;  
 The limbs fall lifeless, and no further move.

Alone, exhausted, stupefied, I stand ;  
 Something has gone for ever by my act ;  
 A memory eternal stays behind,  
 To haunt me with my hateful, hideous sin.

How long ago was it that this was done ?  
 It seems but yesterday I stood a man,  
 Strong, gay, and cheerful, filled with life and hope ;  
 To-day I stare with wild and starting looks,  
 Or else remain absorbed in hateful thoughts,  
 Thinking and brooding, dreaming ; gnawing at  
 This inward grief, this fearful, dull remorse ;  
 Crushed by this weight of never-ceasing care,



This spectre, shadow-like, that lives with me,  
 But closer than a spectre or a shade,  
 For in the sunlight or the thickest gloom  
 I see it still, a cold and bloody corpse ;  
 I cannot hide it, and there is no rest ;  
 It is impalpable, yet always there.  
 To analyse my care is no relief,  
 Though with philosophy I try to prove  
 The uselessness of dwelling on this thought,  
 Yet 'tis in vain, I cannot stifle grief.—  
 Parted from life ; all hope and pleasure gone,  
 Devoted to despair ; I'm left alone ;  
 A living death ; a self-devouring life.  
 To wander dreaming, knowing, thinking, hating,  
 Full of the torment of a mind diseased,  
 Onward through life ; each day another toil,  
 So like the last, but that the last is gone,  
 And this is yet to come, more hateful thus.  
 Where shall I go ? What, wander through the  
     earth ?  
 Men mock me, and they shudder at my touch ;  
 Even yon little child with horror stares,  
 And petrified with fear he looks at me.—  
 I dare not be alone, nor yet with men.—

Where shall I go? Hell, unto thee I come,  
Thou only hast an hospitable door  
Open for me, most wretched, and I come.  
Must I then do another fearful deed?  
Call it not murder! 'Tis an act of peace!  
This is no murder! 'Tis a deed of love;  
A kindness to a world-forsaken wretch;  
A charity most true! None can deny me!  
One alone forbids.



## ENGLAND.

I've travelled many thousand miles,  
I've seen wide oceans, and their isles ;  
Here round me has the desert spread ;  
And here the palm has waved its head.  
I've sail'd round Afric's stormy coasts,  
From where the Zulu proudly boasts,  
To where the white-clad Arabs roam,  
A horse their riches, and a tent their home.  
I've wandered over India's plains,  
Seen many snow-capped mountain chains ;  
From the Swiss Alps to far Japan,  
Whose Futziama all may scan  
In golden lacquer, shining bright.  
While, icebergs toned from blue to white,  
Have passed me near the misty shore  
Of the long-wintered Labrador.  
But in no travel can I find  
A land like England, to my mind ;  
Whether in sunshine or in rain,  
I love her more and more again  
Each time I homeward turn.

## ON RETURNING TO ENGLAND.

Hail England ! England's hoary cliffs once more !  
I love thy white, bold, rugged, frowning fronts,  
Thy steep declivities worn down by time,  
Thy storms and showers, and mighty waves that roll  
(A giant rampart to our peaceful land),  
Breaking their crested bodies on thy rocks  
In million water-splinters full of light,  
Bejewelling thy shores with sparkling gems,  
And making sand and weed reflect their suns.  
I love thy summer calms and gentle winds,  
When the earth smiles, and when the swelling waves  
Are hushed to rest, and only show their life  
By tiny rippling lines, which rise and fall  
In endless curves of beauty and of light,  
Breaking the smoothness of the shining sea.

Here was I born, and here I hope to die ;  
No other clime can please me like my own,  
No other land has beauty like to this ;  
In none do liberty and virtue shine  
With such pure ray as here. Our English homes  
For peace and rest and comfort none surpass.

## AN ENGLISH CHURCH.

*Switzerland.*

'Tis sweet when in a foreign land to find  
An English church ; it wakes the slumbering mind  
To memories of home, and thoughts of those  
Who are most dear ; we think the sun that rose  
To-day shone on their chancel, making bright  
The storied windows ; in our mental sight  
We see the aged rector's kindly face,  
The clean-frock'd choristers with youthful grace,  
And in imagination hear the praise  
The solemn organ leads on holy days.—  
Here, girt around by mountains, quaintly stands,  
Home-like in style, though built by foreign hands,  
The little English church ; its pointed spire  
Repeats the cry that higher yet and higher  
Rises from pine, and hill, and mountain height,  
All heavenward pointing, saying in the sight  
Of the Eternal, stand we ever given  
Signposts of God, to point mankind to heaven.

## LONE FOOTSTEPS.

Who treads lone footsteps in the cold snow plain  
Of human life for something more than gain,  
Failing, is lost ; he disappears from sight ;  
Winning, yet poverty may hide his light ;  
But if he gain his end, his single track  
Becomes a path for followers at his back,  
That widens with each passenger, until  
The signposts are set up, and then men fill  
Each side of the whole route, and down this path,  
They growing rich, at its discoverer laugh. :  
Hence is his chiefest gain not what they say,  
But in the knowledge that he led the way.  
And if his end be useful or be true,  
Then will he rank among the noble few,  
The benefactors of mankind ; but should  
His work be cankered, and foul, rotten wood  
Be covered with a fair outside and free,  
So that men took it for a noble tree,  
Which was a sham, then will he pay the price  
Of having led the way to shame and vice.

E

## FATHER NICHOLAS.

It happened that I travelled into France,  
And visited a town but little known ;  
There, staying at the inn, my host declared  
That in the convent built upon the hill  
Were pictures rare, and curious works of art,  
And books of old emblazonry, and gems,  
And costly raiment worked by ladies' hands.

I, thus instructed, clomb the hill and sought  
Admittance to these wonders. The good monks  
Received me courteously, and one, my guide,  
Brought me beneath the chapel's gothic roof  
To show a picture wherein golden light,  
Sprung from the Sun of Righteousness, spread out  
And filled the world, which else were dark with death.  
Beside the picture knelt an aged monk,  
With hollow eye, and pallid, haggard cheek,  
Yet showing something handsome, something great,  
Something that seemed to say he once had lived  
An active life in polished, courtly home,  
But that some grievous blow had blighted life.

I asked his name ; my guide informed me, he  
 Was Father Nicholas, of whose good deeds  
 I had already heard ; for in these parts  
 His name was known by many a kindly act—  
 The sick, distressed and dying were his care,  
 And only to himself was he severe.  
 As he looked up, methought that face indeed  
 Might serve an artist for the face of Him,  
 Who, in the picture, on His cross did hang,  
 Calm in His pain, forgiving to His foes.

My guide now left me, and I wandered round,  
 Charmed with the deep carved stalls and painted  
 scenes,

And ancient inlaid marbles rich and rare ;  
 Till, passing through the lady chapel door,  
 Again I found the father on his knees,  
 Within his hand a picture. I remained  
 Loath to disturb, and loath to play the spy.  
 He sobbed and with his hands before his face,  
 Prayed in a low and solemn tone these words :  
 “Oh Lord forgive me, purify my thoughts,  
 For I have been so wicked in my life,  
 And I have sinned past hope, and past all help  
 That man can think of, or that man can give,



And only in Thy promise can I find  
A rest from all my wearing, hateful shame.  
Forgive me, Lord, and let me work for Thee,  
Yet not for honour, not for fame, nor wealth,  
But out of gratitude to Thee, my God,  
Who by Thy promise hath redeemed my life  
From that black death which was its rightful doom.  
Oh Lord, Thy mercy hath been great to me ;  
I was a tare which choked and spoilt Thy wheat,  
I drew its moisture, took its sun, and sapped  
With my black roots the goodness of its soil,  
And yet Thou let me grow with it, and live  
A hateful thing, hurting myself and it.  
Forgive me, Lord, forgive my wasted days,  
Days that were Thine, and which I should have used  
To do Thy work, not loiter lazily,  
Useless to all, and hurtful to myself.  
Let me not glory now doing Thy work,  
The work is Thine, I but the instrument  
For doing as Thou wilt, and this to me  
Indeed is honour, for Thou need'st me not,  
Since to Thy hand unnumbered agents come  
To do Thy will ; shall I then praise my work,  
Or honour it, thus o'er the net rejoice,

Not o'er the fish which by the net were caught ?  
No foolish fisher were so weak as this.  
And though Thou need'st me not, yet I of Thee  
Have utmost need, although I once forgot  
This truth, and thought unaided I might walk  
With my own counsel, guided by my will,  
Clothed with my little wisdom, and my strength,  
And laughing at Thy laws and at Thy love,  
Doubting and disbelieving all Thy words,  
Cavilling at those who were not as I was,  
And mocking those as fools who prayed to Thee.  
Now I am changed, I see in hateful light  
My acts and thoughts, and now I only hope  
For pardon from Thy love, and that I may  
Do something out of gratitude to Thee,  
This is my prayer ; Lord, pardon Thou my sins."  
He softly kissed the picture which he held,  
Then rose and saw me ; while ashamed, I said :  
" Father, I do intrude, but now I pray  
Forgive me my intrusion, for indeed  
I knew not you, or any else, were here ;  
And thus against my will, a witness, feared  
By moving to disturb your earnest thoughts ;  
But since I have intruded on your prayers

And seen your anguish, tell me now I pray  
Why you did leave the world ? and why you have  
Such bitter grief, leading so good a life ?  
And what the spring of all your noble deeds  
Which fame has carried over many a mile,  
And thus has shed a lustre o'er this land,  
So that men come from far, from distant towns,  
Moved by the record of your pious deeds,  
To visit one whose virtue is so great ?”  
With a sad smile and in a kindly tone,  
Like to a father speaking to his son,  
The old man thus began, (with some surprise  
That I should seek to know a tale of woe) :  
“ Young sir, I am as wicked as are most,  
More wicked I have been than most men are,  
And when you talk of pious acts in me,  
You do but err in kindness ; when you know  
My early life, then clearly will you see  
My pious acts placed in their proper light,  
And I shall stand a criminal condemned,  
A debtor unto God, and unto man.  
And since it may advantage you to hear  
My cause of grief, that you may 'scape the same,  
I will narrate my tale of saddened life.—

When I, like you, young sir, had golden hair  
 (Full many weary years have passed since then);  
 I loved amusement, novelty, and change,  
 Nor shrank from pleasant vice at pleasure's call;  
 I mixed with all men, drank and laughed : and played  
 With that fair jewel health, till its bright light  
 Was soon bedimmed with folly's marks of ill.  
 I recked not of the future, but to me  
 The pleasant present was the greatest good.  
 Thus, till I tired, did I waste my strength ;  
 And wearied, weak in health, with jaded mind,  
 I left the scene of all my fruitless life,  
 And travelled to a pleasant country home,  
 Where my host's lands with park and farms were  
 stretched

In fruitful acres round an ancient pile,  
 Which many hundred years before had been  
 An abbey, till an ancestor had changed  
 His lands for these, which at the time were held  
 By a great abbot, statesman, warrior, priest.  
 Here were the fish-ponds built for Friday's dish ;  
 And here, with interlacing tracery decked,  
 The chapel reared on many a clustered pier ;  
 And still on spandrel and on boss remained

The traces faint of painted sacred scenes.  
While in the chancel, clothed in marble mail,  
The worn crusader with crossed legs reclined ;  
And side by side a husband and a wife  
Beruffled, in the garb of Mary's reign ;  
Their children placed in niches, knelt around,  
A goodly row of ten, and one a skull ;  
While quaintly carved were coats of arms and crests,  
With gilt and colour braving yet old time,  
And long inscription, telling how they lived,  
How he held offices of state and trust,  
How she was noble wife, and helped the poor,  
And at what date they passed unto their rest.  
In this sweet spot, this happy home there grew,  
A bond of union 'twixt the rich and poor,  
Passed down from father unto son ; and here  
Each leaned on each, the labour of the poor  
Advanced the lord, and cleanly, healthful homes,  
With ample payment for the labour done,  
And gifts to soothe the sorrows of old age,  
And lighten sickness, when indeed it came  
(For it was rare the doctor's aid was called),  
Smoothed many a care, and reared a healthful race.  
To add to all the beauties of the spot,

There yet remains for me to tell of one,  
Who stole by sweet and gently winning ways  
The love of all, and made the wrinkled face  
Of labour brighten when she came in sight.  
And when she trod the little village street,  
The children, smiling, running to their doors  
Would wave their hands, and fain would gather round,  
But childish shyness stayed their further steps ;  
And thus, with dimpled hands against their mouths,  
They stood and laughed, for in their sight she was  
A sign of pleasure, free from fear or ill.  
This gentle maid, this flower so bright and sweet,  
The centre of so many hopes and joys,  
Was the chief solace of my white-haired friend,  
The stay of his old house ; and of her race  
The last ; on her alone, her single life,  
Hung all the fortunes of that ancient line.—  
You will not wonder that I felt the spell,  
Caught the infection of delight in her,  
Which, being new to me, with double force  
Spread, till it mastered every other thought,  
And stole from me all pleasure in all things,  
Except the ever-welling joy that lived  
In my full heart, which with its every pulse

Beat with a rapture only known to love.  
Ah ! then I knew true life ; and I would work  
At any work, and give my will away  
(Where formerly my will had been sole law),  
And leave all usual pleasure, and all sport,  
And loiter many an hour of weary time,  
Waiting till she, my one delight, should come ;  
And I would climb the cliff for any bloom  
Of wild-grown flower, or curious branching fern ;  
And all for what ? All for one happy smile,  
A gentle word of thanks, a look that lived  
For hours in my sight, and taught me love.  
And then to me what poverty was gold !  
I marvelled men should work and groan through life  
For such a bauble, when its utmost joy  
Was as a drop against the rolling Rhine,  
Compared with that I now both felt and had.  
I thought I touched the world beyond the grave,  
It seemed to me I walked in heaven's gate,  
Upon the threshold of eternal bliss !—  
Thus passed the time with ever-running foot ;  
Now, in high spirits on the breezy down,  
Or shaded by the overhanging trees,  
With loving eyes, we sought the wealth of good

That on all sides about our path was strewn,  
 Happy in each and every thing that chanced ;  
 Each all to each, in thought, and word, and deed.  
 Yet she did not forget her father's love,  
 Nor all the duties of her rank and wealth ;  
 And in each care I shared, in every work  
 I bore some burden ; and, when all was done,  
 Enjoyed the sweet sensation which is felt  
 By those who know that they have done *some* work.  
 Thus filled with love, each day appeared too short ;  
 For this was love,—that love of which 'tis said  
 It is a paradise within the breast,  
 And he who loves, no matter what the love  
 (So it be pure and spring from noble thought),  
 Feels something that is great, a power and force,  
 Self-born and self-contained, deriving strength  
 From its own life, and from the loved one's love ;  
 He is most happy who loves some one thus,  
 He basks in sunny climes ; around him move  
 The healthful pleasures made for man on earth,  
 And for him these are overlaid with gold,  
 Are set with shining gems, unflawed, or stained,  
 Not dimmed by injury, nor scarred by use,  
 Even his pains and troubles change their hues,



And black becomes pearl grey, while grey is white,  
And oft the dulllest tinted tones shine out  
Bright, by reflection from light-giving love,  
And pain itself is robbed of half its pangs.  
Love spreads her realms wherever nations move,  
Wherever dwells a single human soul,  
And there are times when she usurps all rule  
In every mind ; for surely none have lived  
Who ne'er have felt her power in all their lives.  
This Love subdues all passions, self itself  
Yields, and the selfish man becomes at once  
Unselfish, by this mighty force called Love.  
Love grows with presence and with absence too,  
Goes its own way, and chooses its own path ;  
No earthly power can take away this Love,  
But like the cloud upon the mountain side,  
It rests when it will rest, and when it wills  
It moves away, and never, never more  
Will that same cloud return, or ever will  
Another seem so beautiful again ;  
All future clouds, though lovelier far in tone,  
Which, with their soft caress, embrace the hill,  
Will seem but faint, and small, their colours cold  
In the remembrance of that one bright form

That was, and now is passed, and is no more.—  
For us, each day grew happier, till at last  
The wedding morn arrives ; the sun is bright ;  
Triumphal arches span the road to church ;  
The village maidens in their newest gowns  
Strew the bride's path with flowers of every hue ;  
The village bells ring blithely ; every man  
Takes holiday that day and leaves his work ;  
On every side good wishes shower down ;  
And varied gifts are brought from far and near.  
With richest flowers now the chapel blooms,  
And their sweet scent as incense fills the air ;  
The bride arrives, the organ loudly peals,  
The white-robed choristers take up the hymn,  
And the procession moves along the aisle.  
Placed at the altar, a bright ray descends  
Upon the kneeling bride, and on its way  
Taking the colours of the painted glass  
It throws them, full of richness, o'er her dress  
Of spotless white, be-jewelling her with light ;  
Thus did it seem as if e'en Nature joyed  
To see her happy, and had therefore sent  
Her ray—a wedding present full of warmth.—  
The grey-haired father, bending with his years,

Gave to my keeping her, his only child,  
His chief possession, all that made life dear,  
For whom alone he cared to live on earth,  
And without whom death was a wished-for home.  
He trusted me, gave me his heart, and placed  
In me his confidence, in me his hope,  
And it was truly sweet to see the smile  
Beam o'er his aged face, light up his eyes,  
Making, with silver locks, a picture true  
Of an ideal aged gentleman.

Poor man, he little thought how I should use  
That jewel which he thus so kindly gave ;  
He little thought how weak and poorly grown  
Was my discretion, and my strength to hold  
My own against temptation's crafty wiles.  
These thoughts renew my anguish, and I burn  
With inward fire of hate of self, and scorn  
Of my most miserable and fatal acts.  
But to continue my sad tale of woe ;  
We now were wedded ; now, impetuous love  
Lost its fierce force, and spread, and now became  
Like the wild Rhone, which ends its rushing course,  
Merged in the deep, profound, and quiet lake  
Of Lemane clear, whose placid waters lave

The many-towered Chillon's rocky base ;  
Our love was quiet, trusting, gentle love,  
Not as at first a quick impetuous flow,  
But full of depth, and joy, and warmth, that each  
Felt cheered and strengthened, fortified and helped.  
Then was she thinking always for my good,  
And all my work for her was sweetest work.  
And thus we lived a happy man and wife,  
And might have long continued ; when alas,  
A letter reached us from our country-home,  
Telling us of the old man's failing health ;  
We hastened to his side, and to our grief  
We found him sinking slowly to the grave,  
But still contented, full of hope in God,  
And looking to his final rest above,  
With that strong trust and quietness of mind,  
Which lightened all our sorrow, soothed our pain.  
No hope was left, he slowly passed away,  
No mortal power could stay that steady hand  
Which drew him onward ; 'twas as receding tides  
That leave the sand uncovered inch by inch,  
Slowly, yet surely ; scarce a change was seen,  
No effort made to stay one moment more,  
No cry for help, but a soft passing on.

We held his hands, he smiled, and spoke some words  
Of hope and comfort, said his last good byes  
To us for many friends, and bidding us  
Not grieve for him, but rather to rejoice,  
For he was going where he longed to be,  
And where he hoped that, when our work was done,  
We too, should come again with him to stay.  
Our hearts were sad, the tears flowed from our eyes,  
The dreadful blank of parting dulled all sense,  
But a sad, heavy weight of awful woe ;  
While we were weak and fearful, he was brave,  
Thus, smiling, murmuring God's name, he died.  
Here death came softly, in the garb of peace,  
And when he conquered, we scarce knew him there,  
Scarce marked the passage of the soul from earth,  
And save for that soft paleness which o'erspread  
The well-known face, now grown more chastely fine,  
And save no sign of breathing, he did seem  
To sleep contentedly at perfect rest.

There is a power in death which seems to say,  
' Be tranquil, all is over, rest in peace,  
Death is not awful, death is gain to each ;  
He who hath charge of us knows all, and is  
As a kind nurse is to her helpless child.'

Again the church bells ring, but now their stroke  
 Is the sad note of death ; the little church  
 Is veiled in mourning, many a silvered head  
 Bows with the loss of one who was a friend,  
 And scarce a cheek but bears the trace of tears.  
 The pastor hardly can his voice control,  
 And frequent sobs give witness of the worth  
 Of him, departed from the help of man.—

After his death, his daughter scarce could bear  
 The old place, with its dear familiar sights,  
 Where every turn in garden, or in field,  
 And every room, and each thing in each room,  
 Brought back to her a flood of sad regret.  
 And thus we left our home, and wandered forth  
 O'er many a land, to seek a change of scene.—

We saw with solid form Mont Blanc arise ;  
 The rock-built Matterhorn ; the glaciers rough,  
 Which flow like frozen rivers in the vales,  
 Beneath the lofty peaks of snow and ice,  
 We stopped at many a rustic chalet inn,  
 Trod cross-marked roads, drank at the hollowed trees  
 That form here simple fountains ; clomb the hills  
 Terraced with fields, and dotted with rude huts ;  
 Passed vegetation's border, and looked down

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On where, high up, the Alpine store-house stands,  
Perched on four legs to baulk the robber rats.  
'Tis in a land like this, or on the deep,  
Where roll the mountain billows, that man sees  
Nature at work, and the Creator's force.  
These mountains are God's seats ; the folding clouds  
That wrap them, and that curtain them around,  
Nature's soft garments for her children hills ;  
To-day she robes them in the varied grey  
Of rising, changing, ever-moving mist,  
Which here obscures all distance, here again  
Leaves peaks uncovered, glaciers, rocks, and slopes ;  
Thus part obscured, the mighty heights appear  
More vastly great, the snow more dazzling white.  
Anon the mist like a great river sweeps,  
Taking the whole wide valley for its bed,  
Until dark night enwraps the changing scene.  
But on the morrow Nature clothes her hills  
With brightest sunshine, decks them out with light,  
Gilds their tree tops, and the rough glacier melts,  
Adding to its attendant noisy stream  
A seething mass of water, thick and white ;  
The next day in a spotless dress of snow  
She robes her favourites from their highest heights

To the low valley, all the fir trees bend  
White crowned, and winter's chilly hand obscures  
The usual scene, and thus the common forms,  
Disguised by their apparel, are scarce known ;  
While frequently both morn and eve she works  
With richest palette, throwing on her hills  
All colours that the human tongue can name,  
And veiling many a mile with purple shade.—  
On the wild stream the dipper has his home,  
And here the white-winged partridge rears her young,  
And through the curling mist the eagle comes  
With outstretched wings majestic in his flight ;  
But save the marmot whistling to his friends,  
Calling his neighbours with shrill boatswain's pipe,  
There scarce is note of creature on these heights ;  
And save the noisy water, and the bells  
Of cattle feeding on the slopes beneath,  
And the deep thunder of the avalanche,  
No sound breaks through the stillness of this scene.  
Here are great rocks in wild confusion heaped  
With mass on mass, as if they fell from heaven,  
And underneath their upper fragments lie  
Dark hollow places deep, unknown to day,  
The habitations of eternal night.



Below, the walls, the houses, roads, and towns,  
Are but the stitches of a patterned plaid  
Composed of slopes of brown, and green, and gold,  
That with its ample folds enwraps the land ;  
Here every form and hue of cloud is seen,  
And oft upon the shower the rainbow comes  
With double arch, and circling softly round,  
Crowns with a coloured diadem of hope  
The summits of unnumbered peaks and hills.  
Here shine in rich and various majesty  
God's lovely sunsets ; often may one see  
From one great purple cloud the rays dart out,  
Shading the mountains by excess of light,  
And lighting up the rushing valley-stream,  
Making a silver river on the earth ;  
Then the vast mountain of twelve thousand feet  
Seems small against this splendid pile of cloud  
Unnumbered times twelve thousand feet in height,  
And bounded in its spreading width alone  
By the horizon's distant circling line.

Through this grand land we journeyed many days  
The limit of our wanderings was our strength,  
Until we reached the giant snow-crowned wall  
That guards this land from Italy's wide plains ;

There, over Monte Moro's ancient path,  
 Through the sweet vale where frequent names attest  
 The sojourn of the swarthy, fighting Moor,  
 We opened up the distant land of blue,  
 Where the grey olive and the chestnut groves  
 Make the hills rich ; and where Fobello maids  
 In blue and scarlet picturesquely clothed  
 Adorn the fields with colour and with life.  
 Here too Varallo, where Ferrari worked  
 Painting the Life of Christ with pure design ;  
 And little Orta, with its chapel'd hill,  
 And blue, reflecting lake, whose quietude  
 Lulls the worn traveller, and where balmy air  
 Soothes in the eventime, while clustered grapes  
 Shade him from noon-day sun and at his hand  
 Afford refreshment sweet, delicious, cool.  
 I will not more recount our further steps,  
 Suffice it that at last our travelling closed  
 At that gay city where my early life  
 Had been so wasted in ignoble ease.  
 —Here to our joy our child, a boy, was born ;  
 A lovely laughing cherub whose bright eyes  
 I still can see, his rosy, rounded arm,  
 Struggling to catch his mother's golden hair ;

Smiling his thoughts, since yet he knew no speech,  
And rounding his full lips into a kiss ;  
He was our first-born, what would he become ?  
A statesman ? soldier ? teacher of mankind ?  
Showing some lovely thought ungrasped before,  
Some new delight of beauty, some sweet path  
Hewn in the rugged hill of human life,  
Some summit of broad vision whose wide view  
Should grasp mankind, and draw them each to each,  
Like mountains which the Alpine traveller sees  
Joined in one mass, though each from each is cut,  
Divided, separated, and alone.  
We knew not, but our fancy wove such dreams,  
Alas, our dreams they had a sorry end,  
But they were dreams of beauty, dreams that made  
The darkest day seem bright, the earth to shine  
More lovely, beautiful, more sweetly fair,  
Than it before e'en to love's eyes had seemed.  
These dreams I still regard with fond delight,  
For they were hers and mine, our latest joys ;  
Soon to be changed, alas ! for hideous dreams,  
Vile nightmares with reality as black  
As sleep's strange coloured glass could e'er reflect ;  
For now again I met my former friends,

The old companions of my foolish days.  
They asked me of my life, and how I did  
With this world's goods, and of my wife's estate ;  
For they had heard that I had gained much wealth.  
Then flattered me, and courted me, and made  
My life appear but dull, and theirs as good,  
For in my absence they had still remained  
The same, but looking keener after gain,  
Thus sharper grown in wit, in virtue dull,  
They still played deeply, loved their wine, and turned  
Night into day with others of their sort.  
They asked me to their houses, made me come,  
While I was loath to leave my wife alone,  
But then my chiefest friend of former years  
Came oft to see her, and with subtle tongue  
Veneered with pretty lies, and polished up  
With words and actions only meant for show,  
Persuaded her to let me go with him ;  
Until she chid me when I stayed at home.  
I well remember the first time I played ;  
The stake was high, and frequently we won,  
I and my partner,—she was stately, tall,  
With fine cut features firmly set, and eyes  
Dark as the raven's plume, and deeply fringed

With long, black lashes, that themselves possessed  
A working charm when they fell softly down,  
As bashful, if my gaze appeared too full ;  
And when the eyes emerged again to light,  
They flashed more brilliantly for their eclipse.

The fickle goddess favoured us that night ;  
My partner asked me to renew my chance,  
And named her house, and said, 'We'll give our friends  
Their time for triumph, or at least a turn  
To win back fortune, and regain their loss.'  
This I could not refuse, although I feared  
A second day of play, and even more  
The fascination of those brilliant eyes.  
The second night arrived ; I lost and won  
Alternately, and still with growing wish  
For the excitement of the game, and her—  
Thus, heedless of the end, I passed my time  
Playing with keener ardour night by night ;  
And almost losing all my pure, sweet love  
In the lascivious luxury of that  
Which beamed from her whose frequent guest I was.  
My friend delighted to fan up the flame,  
Singing the praises of my shameful love.  
Thus netted by temptation I became

Vile to myself, my conscience sore distressed ;  
I could not tear the cords which held me fast,  
The fascination of the play and her ;  
She was a cunning actress, knowing well  
How to assume seductive flattery,  
And gild with seeming kindness all her deeds.  
Thus when I showed my loss, and when I spoke  
Of leaving Paris, she looked sad and low,  
And would object to play on my account,  
But always let her scruples be o'ercome.  
And now I feared to meet my wife's pure eyes,  
Shrank from caresses that recalled my sin,  
And which I felt too guilty to receive ;  
Until at last my wife perceived the change,  
And at my frequent absence grew alarmed,  
So that, to cover where I went each day  
I pleaded business, and commenced deceit,  
At which my wife, her mind now lulled to rest  
(For never did she doubt I spoke the truth),  
Was pleased, for she was then preparing me  
A sweet surprise ; a painter whom she knew  
In early childhood, had agreed to paint  
A picture of her baby and herself ;  
This was to be a secret, so that I

Might on my birthday see the smiling group,  
Portrayed unchangeably, set round with gems,  
Formed as forget-me-nots, entwined with words  
Which in our days of early love had been  
Sacred to me from their sweet memory.  
While she was thus employed to give me joy,  
I, without thought of what must come at last,  
Lost, and still lost, until one fatal day  
I staked my all, all that I had to lose,  
All the remainder of my shattered means,  
And lost.—Then, then I saw the end,  
The woman who had led me on to play,  
Now threw aside the mask, no longer rich,  
I was no longer cared for, like a fruit  
Sucked dry of all my sweetness I was left  
To go my way, and leave my place to those,  
Dupes, whom these friends could get into their net,  
And rob with loaded dice and tricks at cards.  
My lands were mortgaged ; she who'd lured me on  
Had lent me money to repay my loss,  
With full security, and thus had gained  
Under the guise of friendship, love, and truth,  
My lands and houses—everything I had.  
Maddened by this last blow, the shameful vice

Which had thus ruined all my happy life,  
I saw her, and with curses left her house,  
And wandered, scarcely knowing where I went,  
Until I reached my home ; the door was closed,  
I dared not knock, I tried, but had not strength.  
I sat upon the steps in dull despair,  
All seemed a blank before me—awful death  
I prayed to come and take my burdened life,  
Regardless of the doom of dying thus,  
With all my sins fresh writ against my soul.  
At last I knocked, and entered my sad house,  
The things around me seemed to scorn and mock ;  
The ornaments, alas no longer mine,  
Awoke old memories of happy times,  
Increasing thus my shame and deep distress ;  
And gentle Peace, whose home erewhile was here,  
With tearful face preparing to depart,  
Seemed to regard me as a murderer.  
I entered my wife's room as one gone mad ;  
She lay, her baby in her arms, asleep,  
And in her sleep she seemed to dream, and smiled,  
Calling my name with tender epithet,  
In perfect bliss, not knowing of the blow,  
Which waited for her when she chanced to wake.



Coward I was as I had ever been,  
I thought of killing her to save her pain,  
Forgetful that such deeds would lose me more  
Than all my hateful cowardice ere now  
Had robbed me of ; fool that I was, and mad,  
I stretched my hand to do the fatal deed,  
One moment's hesitation, and the babe  
Woke from his sleep and lifted up his hands  
With infant grace ; this stopped my fell intent ;  
My tears flowed fast ; I dared no longer stay,  
But rushed in wild distraction from the room.  
Once in the street, I cared not where I went.  
One place alone I shunned, that was my home,  
There I could not return ; but at an inn  
I stopped and wrote the story of my shame.  
Then I strode through the dark deserted streets,  
Taking the nearest road which led away  
From that now dreaded and detested town ;  
Heedless of where I went, I walked along,  
Remorse and ruin for my only thoughts.  
I passed through many a pleasant village, gay  
With smiling mothers, and with prattling boys ;  
By corn fields with their golden harvests rich,  
By sparkling streams that laughed along their course.

The quiet country church, the smiling lands,  
All seemed to mock me in their peacefulness,  
In the sweet air they wore of happiness,  
As if no sin or trouble ever breathed  
Here in the home of Nature and of rest.  
The blow had struck me with so great a force,  
I hardly could believe but that I dreamt.  
I had no thought for food, no hope in life—  
Only to fly, that was my single wish.  
Thus all day long I travelled, and when night  
Came with her sable cloak I staggered on  
Until from faintness I fell down to die,  
Courting the death that seemed within my reach.  
When I awoke again I found myself  
In a poor room, but clean, a pious monk  
Busied preparing me some cooling drink,  
And much rejoicing that there seemed an end  
Of the fierce fever. Here my strength returned,  
Till, sitting in the window one cool eve,  
A well-known face arrived, my artist friend ;  
The sight of him unnerved me, and I fell,  
Unable to support the sudden shock ;  
He ran to raise me, but he knew me not  
Until I begged for tidings of my wife.

Then with reluctance to my pleading words  
He told me of the ruin I had caused.  
My wife, he said, prostrated by the blow  
Of my desertion in her weakly state,  
Soon sank, and with her died her darling boy.  
He told me how she gently fell asleep  
And how she longed to see my face again.  
Ah ! how those words so kindly meant and said,  
Cut my sad heart, for I had gone away  
And left my loved one in her utmost need.  
I do not grieve that she has left this world,  
For she has gone I know to better worlds,  
But that I killed her by my heartless deeds,  
And that I was not with her when she died  
To soothe her passing to the great Unknown,  
To watch her, tend her, comfort her, and feel  
Her blessing on me in her latest breath,  
This is a sad and painful thought to me ;  
But 'tis God's will, and therefore must be right.  
At times I see her now when in my sleep  
She comes to me with loving look and smile,  
And beckons me to follow in her path,  
Assuring me of mercy, favour, love,  
In her sweet home, where there is perfect rest.

These dreams now often linger in my mind,  
Teaching me hope ; they, like the rainbow arch,  
Do soothe my thoughts and fortify my heart  
For the dark day men fear, which now, I think,  
Comes quickly on, and soon will close my life.

The painter further told me of her end,  
That in her latest breath she spoke of me,  
Gave me her full forgiveness, charging him  
To bear it to me, saying how she loved,  
And only grieved that I had left her thus,  
Fearing to tell her what she else had borne  
As had become us both. As her last gift  
She sent me this small picture of herself.  
'Tis the remains of all my wealth and life,  
The only thing I treasure in the world.

How I survived my trouble I scarce know.  
Crushed down with deep affliction, I received  
That consolation from my friend the monk  
Which most I stood in need of in my grief,  
Thus I conceived that I might do some good  
To ease the burden of the ill I'd wrought,  
To lighten some such heavy weight to those  
Who'd fallen as I fell, for now I knew

The fulness of the bitter pangs of sin,  
The wages of the service I had served.—

A broken man, the monk received me home ;  
I joined his order ; now I pass my days  
Remote from wealth, and far from worldly joys,  
To cares, to sorrow, poverty, and shame  
I give my time, and hope to do some good,  
And ne'er have passed this quiet vale but once,  
When at her grave I knelt, and gathered strength."

The bell now tolled the Vespers evening note,  
The old man with his eyes bedimmed with tears,  
Gazed at the picture of his bride and boy,  
Then with a sigh he rose, and I, o'ercome  
With the recital of his many woes,  
Felt choked with sorrow, overwhelmed with grief.  
He raised me up, and then with gentle words  
He charged me to take warning by his fall,  
To hold temptation back, and take my stand  
On virtue and religion, which alone  
Can dignify and make man truly great.  
Thus saying, with a pressure of the hand  
And tender smile, he left me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time has passed,  
But still I feel the sorrow that I felt  
When I returned and found his place was void.  
To him Death came not clothed with fearfulness,  
So when he said farewell he gently smiled  
As one who travels homeward to his friends.

Close to the convent wall his bones repose,  
His soul has reached the shore for which he longed,  
He having lived to make his life conform  
As near as may be to his pattern Christ.

NOTE.—The original story of Father Nicholas was published in prose many years ago.



## THE END.

Farewell, my reader, for my tale is done ;  
Breathe me some good, if you have gained but one  
New notion, aspiration, or idea,  
That lifts you to a higher sphere,  
Something that raises you from out yourself,  
Something which shall endure, the truest wealth,  
That shall go with you to the end of time,  
And to that land where every word is rhyme  
Or cadences most sweet.









